

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE LOVER'S FRIEND AND OTHER POEMS.** By NORA PERRY. 12mo. pp. 183. Houghton, Osgood, & Co.

The leading feature of these poems is the descriptive power with which the incidents of common life are clothed in an attractive poetical costume without too largely taxing the faculty of imagination. Miss Perry's style bears no marks of artificial refinement; her versification is simple and unaffected; she makes use of natural, though powerful imagery; and her diction is chiefly composed of vigorous, sinewy, every-day English, with no attempt at curious felicities of expression. An example of all these qualities is presented in "The Wreck of the Gloucester Fishing Fleet," which has the strength and terse simplicity of an old ballad:

Hints of the Spring were in the air,  
And March winds had a breath of May  
That whisper no hope and not despair,  
The other day, the other day,

When came to us that dreadful tale  
Of how the Gloucester fleet went down  
But that we were safe within the town:

When we were safe within the town:

When we were safe and did not know,

That not for twenty years or more,

Had such a tempest come to blow

Across the cruel shelling shore.

Of George's Bank, as blew that day,

Wore high upon its treacherous side,

The Gloucester fleet had gone,

In all its strength and pride.

More than a hundred men went down,

The whole stamp fleet, with every soul,

While we were safe within the town,

Sure they would weather every gale,

Perhaps we danced, perhaps we sung,

Without a hint of pain or death,

While they upon the rocks were flung,

Fighting fate with bated breath.

Then, vanquished, lost, lengthened down,

They lay upon the dark and desolate

Ocean, child in Gloucester town,

And breathed for them one pitiful prayer

Of wild regret—for times were hard

Upon old Gloucester's sandy shore,

And men were scarce to watch and ward

And keep the wolf from the door:

And now, and now! what would they do?

These wives and children, if you but knew!

Obey me, and I'll end your fate,

Springs to its feet, stretched forth its hands,

To keep the wolf you directed so!

From out your homes on Gloucester sands!

But ah! perhaps, if we could know,

You still keep watch and ward above,

The cherished homes you left behind,

And read with eyes of clearer love

The meaning that to us is blind.

On that dark day when you went down,

Off George's Bank, the stormy sea,

While we were safe within the town,

In all its wild February gale.

The love of John Wentworth and his proud

cousin, which forms the subject of one of the many

raucy legends of the historical town of Portsmouth,

is related with remarkable dramatic effect, affording a conclusive proof of the rare capacity of the writer in that kind of composition:

"She shall marry me!" "No, not sand-

smiling, not bright—but sand—

As flame, his dark eyes glowed, and fire-bare burned

In his passionate eve, as he swiftly turned

out of the shadow into the shade—

Out of the sunshine she had made

But a moment before—this girl with a face

Whose very frown had a winsome grace,

They need not swear, in that old, old time,

When her beauty was its wondrous prime,

When her laughing eyes, of deep brown,

Were the toast and rage of Portsmouth town,

Of Hampshire's Portsmouth, there by the sea,

Where the tides of fortune ruled and held in fee

Half the country side of rock and shore,

For a hundred and fifty years or more.

"She shall marry me!" Twas the Wentworth

blood!

That rose up then in that turbulent flood—

The Wentworth with purpose that under his breath

Would have it passionate till death.

"She shall marry me!" And down he strode

Across the pathway, across the road,

With a firm, quick step, and a firm, quick heart,

To work his will and to pay his part.

And a difficult part it was to play,

For the Wentworth had a mind her way,

His dark eyes that had him tied

By silken bonds on either side.

But as mother's blood leaves stronger trace

Than father's blood in a turbulent race,

It may have been that the went by way,

Bad the stronger current to move and sway.

At all events, as the months wore on

And no tidings came from the Wentworths,

To the boundless wonder of the town,

The Wentworth rose up to draw down

The passionate Wentworth love in her breast,

And the Wentworth pride helped on the rest;

And six months after her laughing scorn

Of her dark-eyed sutor, sang forlorn,

She stood by his side one Autumn day,

A beautiful bride; but, like her love,

But the good news that a bride never wore

In Portsmouth town such a look before.

After the lapse of seven years John Wentworth

returns to the ancestral seat, and finds that he has

been deformed by his pride by a strategem of his rival.

The treacherous pretender, however, died in

good time, and the injured lover obtained justice in

the sequel:

A dead man lies in solemn state;

And prone on the floor the iron and plate

Doors stand, the neighbors, under their breath,

Talk of the sick man, and his death;

Of the widow's prospects; and one more bold

Blush that's year's grown old

The Wentworth monster across the way

Will have a mistress fine and gay.

But ere a month had passed of the year

All the seamstresses far and near,

In and out of Portsmouth town,

Were sewing fast in a sudden down

Of broadcloth, of foreign and rare,

For young Frances Askinson to wear.

"She'll!" cried the Wentworths in their pride—

And "She'll!" cried the Wentworths in their pride—

All the Wentworths in Hampshire State.

This bairn was unseemly; she'd only to walk

In her widow's weeds a year and a day,

And not a gossip could say her nay.

Then up she strode, the blithe damsels—

Evening, with a tongue of flame:

"See! here I have I served the Wentworth pride;

Seven years with a Wentworth courage lied

To the world with my smiling face,

To find at the end—no sovereign grace

To save my soul, but a curse alone.

The curse of a life that shamed my own!

Cheated and tracked seven weary years,

Won by a lie—no lying tears,

Have I to waste, no time to wait?

On the man who had seven years too late!"

Scared and shocked the Wentworths stared

At the bairn, and saw the passion dared

To cast at the dead man, scarcely cold.

In his fresh-turned grave, those accursed bold

Scared and shocked, but never a word

Of ban or blame was ever heard.

From their lips again, and come the day

When my Lady Wentworth, fine and gay,

Reigned in the Wentworth mansion there,

Not a gossip in Portsmouth town paid her fair.

But the old story of signal and sign,

The candle flame, and the kerchief fine;

And under their breaths would croak a fear

That my lady had lent, but too willing an ear.

To the evil whispered against the dead,

The doubts of the sudden speed,

From mouth to mouth, wait for a curse or may,

And down the dead man lay.

But never upon my lady's face,

Never a cloud showed sign or trace,

As she looked the curios gossips down

In the little world of Portsmouth town—

Never a cloud from year to year,

Never a cloud, and never a fear,

For whatever the truth of the troubled past,

My lady had come her own last!

This is certainly "salt, and bitter, and good," as

the ancient seaport in which the scene is laid, and

produces a bracing reaction against the effeminate littles which form so large a part of the pretentious

rickety poetry of the day.

**THE PRINT COLLECTOR.** BY J. MARSH. Edited, with notes, an account of Contingency Editions and Books and a Bibliography of Engravings, by ROBERT HOE, Jr.

The American publishers of this handsome

and convenient reprint will doubtless

and their reward in a large welcome from the growing army of print

collectors in our own country, who have long been

inquiring for such a friendly, serviceable guide as

they have now provided. The original work of Mr. Marsh,

published in 1844, has become a scarce book owing

to the fact that, beside the great demand

for such a guide, the edition printed was

a very small one. At the suggestion, therefore,

of the young and enterprising house of Dodd & M'Clure,

our townsmen, Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., has undertaken to

prepare a new edition which he has written with notes,

and has added the treatise of Mr. T. H. Fielding,

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